



ADVENTURES OF SUNSET CARLSON

No. 4

10¢

ALL COMICS

10¢
F.R.I.

PANHANDLE TROUBLE
THE MAN WHO STOLE A CITY
THE HOMESTEAD CLAIM
ELECTION AT LITTLE CREEK



Kear's
Peters

THE ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON



THE ADVENTURES OF KIT CARSON ARE MANY. HE WAS A TRAPPER, PLAINSMAN, SOLDIER AND RANCHER. KIT WAS A BRAVE MAN AND FACED DEATH SQUARELY IN THE EYES WITHOUT FLINCHING A MITE. WHILE AS A YOUNG TRAPPER KIT ONCE FACED DEATH, HERE IS THE STORY—



A FRENCH TRAPPER WHO WAS WELL OVER 6 FEET TALL, HAD TAKEN A DISLIKE TO LITTLE CARSON.



ONE DAY THIS DRUNKEN TRAPPER HAD BEATEN TWO OF KIT'S COMPANIONS INTO A BLOODY MESS.

HEY THERE, YA SAWED OFF RUNT, WOULD YA LIKE TO GET THE SAME AS YOUR TWO PARTNERS DID, OR ARE YA YELLOW!!!



NOT SATISFIED WITH THE PREVIOUS FIGHT, HE MET KIT AND CALLED HIM MANY DIRTY INSULTS.

LISTEN HERE YOU BIG APE! YOU'VE INSULTED ME FOR THE LAST TIME!



KIT WALKED DIRECTLY UP TO THE BIG MAN WHO WAS ARMED WITH A RIFLE, AND LOOKED INTO HIS EYES,

YOU'VE GOT A RIFLE AND I HAVE A PISTOL, LET'S SETTLE THIS NOW! **SHOOT!!**



AND TOLD HIM HE WOULDN'T TAKE ANY OF HIS INSULTS. KIT WAS ARMED WITH ONLY A ONE-SHOT PISTOL.



BANG! BOTH HE AND THE GIANT FIRED AT ONCE, IT SEEMED AS THOUGH BOTH WOULD BE KILLED.



THE RIFLE BALL PASSED BY KIT'S HEAD, CUTTING HIS HAIR AND BURNING HIS CHEEK.



THE FRENCHMAN WAS NOT SO FORTUNATE, HE SLUMPED TO THE GROUND. KIT HAD FACED DEATH ONCE AGAIN AND HAD WON.

SUNSET CARSON

And the MAN WHO STOLE A CITY!

SUNSET CARSON IS ON THE TRAIL ONCE MORE — AND HE FINDS A CITY COWERING BEFORE A KILLER'S GUNS! HELPLESS AGAINST THE HORDE OF GUNSLINGERS IMPORTED BY HARRY DELAGE! HORNE CITY WAS POWERLESS — PIONEERED AND BUILT BY COLONEL WILL HORNE! IT SPEEDILY FELL INTO THE HANDS OF LAWLESS GUNMEN AFTER A BULLET HAD ENDED THE COLONEL'S LIFE!



CARSON NEVER DODGED TROUBLE — BUT HE WANTED TO FIND COLONEL HORNE'S SON, BILLY, BEFORE TROUBLE CAME! HE FOUND BOTH AT THE SAME TIME!

THAT LOOKS LIKE YOUNG HORNE — AND IN A PECK OF TROUBLE! FROM WHAT I HEAR, HE CAN HOLD HIS OWN!



YUH LIED ABOUT MY FATHER, DORSEY, AN' THAT TWO-BIT GUN-SLINGIN' PARTNER OF YORES IS JUST AS BAD. NOW MAKE YORE FIGHT OR I'LL PISTOL-WHIP YUH BOTH OUTA TOWN.



KILLIN'S NOT MY TRADE — BUT THIS WAS FORCED ON ME!



NICE GOIN' HOME - IT WAS A FAIR FIGHT! WHY IN SUCH A RUSH TO RELOAD YOUR GUNS?

DON'T KNOW YUH, MISTER, BUT I'LL GIVE YUH A WARNIN'! KEEP BOTH YORE GUNS LOADED AND BOTH YORE EYS PEEL'D AS LONG AS YORE IN THIS TOWN!



SUNSET CARSON HAD PROOF OF BILLY HORNE'S WORDS A MOMENT LATER...IN THE PERSON OF HARRY DELAGE!

I SAW THAT AND SO DID THE OTHERS! HORNE, I SAY YUH MURDERED THOSE MEN! YUH'LL HANG FOR THAT!

I GAVE THEM A CHANCE - MORE CHANCE THAN YOU GAVE MY DAD!

HE'S RIGHT, MISTER - I SAY IT WAS SELF DEFENSE! ANYBODY WHO SAYS DIFFERENT IS CALLIN' ME A LIAR!



JUST WHO ARE YUH, MISTER? WHAT RIGHT YUH GOT TUN BUTT IN?

HE CARRIES A DEPUTY'S BADGE, BOSS! HE'S **SUNSET CARSON!**

THAT'S RIGHT - YOUNG HORNE SHOT IN SELF-DEFENSE!



THANKS, CARSON! THEY WERE SET TUN RIG A LYNCHIN' WHEN YUH TOOK MY PART! NOW, WATCH YORE STEP!

I'VE DONE THAT ALL MY LIFE, BILLY! WELL, I GUESS I'LL GIVE CACTUS A RUS DOWN BEFORE I GO EAT!



HALF HOUR LATER

WELL, CACTUS, FEEL BETTER NOW? I'M HUNGRY ENOUGH TO STEAL HALF YOUR DINNER BUT I GUESS I CAN WAIT!



YORE OWN MOTHER WON'T KNOW YUH WHEN WE GET THROUGH, CARSON

TROUBLE, CACTUS? DELAGE DIDN'T WASTE TIME GETTIN' EVEN, DID HE, BOYS?



NO - GET BACK!

NICE GOIN' PARTNER - I'LL HANDLE THE OTHER ONE!



SLAP A SADDLE ON YORE HORSE, CARSON - DELAGE'S KILLERS ARE COMIN' OUT IN FORCE! WE GOTTA SPLIT THE BREEZE!

MAYBE, YOU ARE RIGHT, BILLY! I DON'T HANKER TO DO ANY KILLIN' I CAN AVOID!



THEY RODE THROUGH A HAIL OF KILLER'S LEAD—AND CARSON WONDERED HOW HE COULD'VE THOUGHT HORNE CITY PEACEFUL! THE ONLY PEACE IN THAT TOWN WAS UP ON BOOTHILL!

SEE WHAT I MEAN, CARSON?

SAVE YOUR BREATH FOR RIDIN', BILLY!

SLOW DOWN, BILLY, WE DID ENOUGH RUNNIN'! I WANT TO HEAR WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT BEFORE I BURN ANY MORE POWDER!

"MY FATHER BROUGHT THE FIRST WAGON TRAIN OUT HERE," BILLY BEGAN, "USING HIS OWN MONEY! HE TOOK CARPENTERS, CLERKS, AND OTHER MEN NEEDED TO BUILD A CITY!"

YOU MEAN HE OWNED THE BANK AND THE STORES, BILLY?

YEAH, DAD OWNED 'EM BUT HE PAID GOOD MONEY TUN THE MEN WHO RAN HIS PROPERTY! THAT'S WHERE HE MADE HIS MISTAKE—HE PUT HARRY DELAGE IN AS GENERAL MANAGER OF THE WHOLE WORKS!

HARRY GOT GREEDY! DAD CAUGHT HIM STEALIN' FROM HIMSELF AN' THE FOLKS WHO TRADED WITH 'IM! HE FIRED DELAGE—BUT HE WAS KILLED FROM AMBUSH THAT SAME DAY! THEN HARRY PULLED THE JOKER—HE HAD A BILL OF SALE FOR EVERYTHING DAD OWNED!

WHY DON'T YOU GET THE LAW AFTER THEM?

THAT'S THE BEAUTY OF IT, CARSON—DELAGE'S MEN ARE IN THE JUDGE'S AN' SHERIFF'S OFFICE! DELAGE OWNS EVERY STICK AN' STONE IN HORNE CITY! I FEEL SORRY FOR THE FOLKS LIVIN' THERE!

YUH SEE, CARSON, DAD WAS GOIN' TUN GIVE EVERYTHING TUN THE MEN WHO HELPED HIM BUILD IT! ALL I'D GET WHEN HE DIED WOULD BE THE CIRCLE H RANCH WHERE HE MADE HIS HEADQUARTERS!

THE CIRCLE H OUGHT TO BE A GOOD PLACE TO START THEN! LET'S GO BEFORE DELAGE IS READY FOR US!

THE CIRCLE H—FORMERLY HEADQUARTERS OF COLONEL HORNE!

HOW MANY MEN HAS DELAGE GOT OUT HERE?

YOU'RE LOOKIN' AT 'EM, CARSON! HE JUST KEEPS THE GUNNIES HERE TO MAKE SURE I CAN'T GET BACK ON THE RANCH!

WHEN I LET FLY JUMP IN WITH BOTH FEET! I'LL TAKE THE LUG WITH THE BOTTLE AN' THE OTHER SITTING BESIDE THE JUG!

FOUR PANICKY GUNSLICKS NEVER KNEW WHAT HIT THEM! THE BATTLE WAS OVER BEFORE IT STARTED!

KEEP IT UP, BILLY! THEY'LL RUN LIKE COYOTES!

YEEOW!

WHAT TH....!!

THERE MUST BE TWENTY OF 'EM—I'M GETTIN' OUTA HERE!

NOT AHEAD OF ME YUH AINT!

WE'VE EXAMINED EVERY PAPER IN THE SAFE, CARSON! WE'LL BE CHASED OUT OF HERE AS SOON AS THOSE RATS GET TO THE SHERIFF!

NOT SO FIST PARTNER! HERE'S THE PROOF WE NEEDED!

U.S. MARSHAL SIR:

JULY 10, 18—
I HAVE PROOF THAT HARRY DELAGE AND HIS ASSOCIATES HAVE STOLEN FROM ME AND OTHER RESIDENTS OF THIS CITY. FURTHER, DELAGE IS PLANNING TO ACQUIRE POSSESSION OF HORNE CITY. I REQUEST IMMEDIATE AID.

SIGNED,
COLONEL WILLIAM HORNE
Colonel William Horne

THAT PROVES DELAGE COULDN'T HAVE BOUGHT ANY PROPERTY FROM DAD! DELAGE'S BILLS OF SALE WERE DATED TWO DAYS LATER!

NOW WE HAVE A JOB, BILLY—TO TAKE BACK HORNE CITY AND RETURN IT TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS—THE CITIZENS!

JUST WHAT I THOUGHT—THEY'RE ON THEIR WAY OUT TO GRAB US BEFORE WE CAN DISCOVER ANYTHING—NOW WE CAN GO IN TOWN!

I'M WITH YOU, CARSON!



BETTER FOG OUTA HERE, BILLY—DELAGÉ IS GUNNIN' FOR YUH!

IT'S THE OTHER WAY AROUND, AL—GET EVERYBODY DOWN TUN THE BANK! WE HAVE NEWS FOR EVERYONE IN TOWN!



FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER—EVERY-ONE IN TOWN IS PRESENT

WE HAVE PROOF THAT DELAGÉ'S BILLS OF SALE ARE FORGED! NOW WE CAN RUN HIM AND HIS KILLERS OUT OF TOWN AND THE LAW WON'T INTERFERE!

WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE—HE OWNS IT OR YOU OWN IT! WE HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO WIN OR LOSE BY FIGHTIN'!



THAT'S WHERE YOU'RE WRONG, MISTER! BILLY HORNE IS GOING TO DO JUST WHAT THE COLONEL INTENDED—GIVE HORNE CITY TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNERS—THE PEOPLE WHO LIVE IN IT!

WELL, THAT'S DIFFERENT! I'LL FIGHT WITH YUH, HORNE!



WE'LL GIVE DELAGÉ A CHANCE TO PULL OUT PEACEFULLY—IF HE WANTS A FIGHT WE'LL ACCOMMODATE HIM.

DELAGÉ'LL BE INTERESTED IN THIS; I'LL RIDE OUT AN' WARN 'IM!



MARRY DELAGÉ ACCEPTED THE WARNING—CONFIDENT THAT HIS HIRSO KILLERS COULD HANDLE THE TROUBLE!

SHOOT ANYONE WHO SHOWS FIGHT! WE'LL SHOW THESE SOD-BUSTERS THEY CAN'T STAND UP TO US!



YOU TOOK LONG ENOUGH GETTIN' HERE, DELAGÉ!

YUH PAIR OF FOOLS! YUH THINK I'LL LET YUH LIVE NOW? YUH COULDN'T PROVE ANYTHING ON ME ANYHOW!



DON'T MOVE—IF YOUR MEN FIRE YOU'RE A DEAD MAN! HERE'S THE PROOF, DELAGÉ—A LETTER TO THE U.S. MARSHAL FROM COLONEL HORNE! IT'S DATED TWO DAYS BEFORE YOUR BILL OF SALE!

HOLD YORE FIRE BOYS! ALL RIGHT, CARSON, BUT I'M NOT THROUGH!



YOU CAN LEAVE TOWN AN' TAKE
YOUR KILLERS WITH YOU, DELAGE!
WE'LL GIVE YOU THREE MINUTES—
THEN WE'LL OPEN UP!



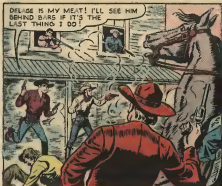
I WARN YUH,
DELAGE—
YUH'D BETTER
VAMOOSE!

DELAGE LAUGHED AT THAT....
HE FIGURED IT WAS TWO MEN
AGAINST HIS ENTIRE CREW!
HE DIDN'T KNOW THEN THAT
EVERY CITIZEN IN TOWN WAS
READY TO FIGHT FOR HIS HOME!



WE'LL BURN THE TOWN TUN
THE GROUND IF THE FOOLS
DARE FIGHT US! KEEP AN
EYE ON THINGS, BOYS!
I'M GOIN' INTO
MY PLACE!

THREE MINUTES ARE UP!
THIS IS YOUR LAST
WARNING!



DELAGE IS MY MEAT! I'LL SEE HIM
BEHIND BARS IF IT'S THE
LAST THING I DO!



THERE'S SUNSET CARSON
GET 'IM!

IF YOU
QUIT RUNNIN'
YOU COULD MAKE
A TRY YOURSELF,
DELAGE!

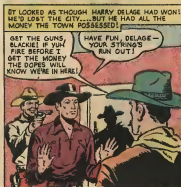


WE WHIPPED 'EM,
CARSON! DID
YUH GET
DELAGE?

HE'S AROUND HERE
SOMEWHERE! TAKE
CARE OF THESE RATS—
I'LL FIND THEIR
LEADER!



SHOWDOWN COMIN' UP,
I RECKON! THAT'S DELAGE'S.
HORSE TIED UP AT THE BANK
HITCHIN' RAIL!



MAKERS OF THE WEST



JIM'S SKILL IN USING THE KNIFE IN HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT CAUSED EASTERN CUTLERY MANUFACTURERS TO MAKE AND ADVERTISE THEIR FRONTIER KNIVES AS "BOWIE" KNIVES.



②

IN TENNESSEE, IT WAS CLAIMED THAT HE DEFENDED HIMSELF AGAINST THREE ROUGH DESPERADOES ARMED WITH KNIVES AND KILLED ALL THREE!



COLONEL JAMES BOWIE

INVENTOR OF THE BOWIE KNIFE, AND OFTEN CALLED ONE OF THE GREATEST KNIFE-FIGHTERS OF HIS DAY.

BOWIE WAS BORN IN TENNESSEE BACK IN 1795. HE FOUGHT MANY KNIFE BATTLES DURING HIS EARLY YOUTH IN THE LOUISIANA TERRITORY.



IT IS SAID THAT BOWIE WHILE FIGHTING WITH A MEXICAN, BROKE HIS CAVALRY SWORD AND USED THE SHORTENED BLADE TO KILL THIS SAME OPPONENT!

WHAT D'YA MEAN CHEATING!! THOSE ARE MIGHTY STRONG WORDS STRANGER! EITHER TAKE BACK WHAT YA SAID, OR PICK YOUR WEAPONS!

WHY YA POLECAT! NO ONE CAN CHEAT JIM BOWIE AND GET AWAY WITH IT! PICK YOUR WEAPONS EH! WE'LL USE KNIVES, IN JUN STYLE!

HO, HO! FER A CARD-SHOFFLIN' CHEAT, YA SURE PUT UP A WILD CAT FIGHT! I SHORE HATE TO END THIS DUEL, BUT---

PUFF! PUFF! I'LL GET YA YET, YA BIG GALOOT!

1 DURING A CARD GAME, JIM WAS CHALLENGED TO A DUEL BY A GAMBLER. BOWIE CHOSE THE KNIFE AS HIS PICK OF WEAPONS. THE GAMBLER PUT UP-

2 QUITE A BATTLE, BUT JIM WHO HAD THIS STYLE OF FIGHTING MANY-

I SHORE HATED TO DO THAT, EVEN TO A SNAKE LIKE YOURSELF. THE WEST CAN DO WITHOUT MEN OF YOUR BREED. YOU'VE PROBABLY STOLEN HARD-EARNED PAY-DIRT FROM POOR PROSPECTORS WHO SPENT YEARS LOOKIN' FOR IT. YOU FINALLY GOT YOUR LAST PAY-OFF. A 10 INCH BLADE IN YOUR GULLET!

THESE STORIES ABOUT JAMES BOWIE SPREAD THROUGHOUT THE WEST AND THE KNIFE BECAME A SECONDARY WEAPON. THE BOWIE KNIFE WAS A STOUT, SINGLE EDGE AFFAIR WITH ABOUT A TWO INCH HAND GUARD. THE BLADE WAS ABOUT TEN INCHES LONG AND RAZOR SHARP. IT WAS A MEAN WEAPON IN A FIGHT AND WAS DEPENDABLE. IT WAS SAID THAT WHEN BOWIE WAS KILLED AT THE ALAMO, HE HAD ACCOUNTED WITH SEVERAL ENEMY KILLED BY THE SKILLFUL USE OF HIS KNIFE

EVEN TO HIS DEATH, JIM BOWIE PROVED THAT THE KNIFE, IF TAUGHT TO USE WITH SKILL, BECAME A DEADLY-SILENT KILLER!

3 TIMES, PUT AWAY HIS OPPONENT IN EASY FASHION. LIKE THE MANY BEFORE WHO THOUGHT THEY COULD TAKE ON THIS BLOND GIANT OF A MAN, SOON FELT THE TASTE OF STEEL, AND THEIR REWARD, DEATH!

SUNSET CARSON

MANY A FEUD ON THE WESTERN RANGE HAS BEEN SETTLED DECISIVELY AND FINALLY WITH THE ROAR OF SIX-GUNS. A SPLIT SECONDS DIFFERENCE ON THE DRAW OFTEN MAKES THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH. THE ONLY RULES ARE THAT EACH MAN HAS A CHANCE TO DRAW, TO SHOOT FROM AMBUSH OR FROM BEHIND IS AS SERIOUS A CRIME AS IS HORSE STEALING.

THE HOMESTEAD FRAME UP!

HE'S A BUSHWACKER. HE SHOULD BE STRUNG UP.

SUNSET, AT LEAST SEE THAT HE GETS A FAIR TRIAL.

HOLD IT, MEN! THERE'LL BE NO LYNCHING WHILE I'M MARSHAL AROUND HERE. TAKE THAT ROPE OFF HIS NECK.

AS OUR STORY OPENS, SUNSET CARSON, GOVERNMENT MARSHAL, IS ENGAGED IN A VERY SERIOUS CONVERSATION

FRED, YOU'VE GOT TO HOLD YOUR TEMPER THAT TALK OF YOURS ABOUT SHOOTING IT OUT WITH SAM SPENCER WILL JUST GET YOU INTO TROUBLE

SUNSET, I'VE HOMESTEADED THIS RANGE FOR NEARLY FIVE YEARS. SPENCER WANTS IT. HE KNOWS THAT ACCORDING TO LAW IT WILL BE MINE IN ANOTHER MONTH. IF HE TRIES ANY TRICKS TO TAKE IT AWAY FROM ME, I'LL KILL HIM

DON'T TALK LIKE THAT FRED. I DON'T WANT TO MARRY A KILLER.

SPENCER HAS GRABBED UP EVERY PIECE OF LAND IN THIS VALLEY BUT BEFORE HE GETS THIS RANCH THERE'LL BE DEAD MEN TO BURY.



WELL, I'VE DONE
MY JOB, FRED, I'VE
WARNED YOU!

WAIT, SUNSET...
I'LL RIDE BACK TO
TOWN WITH YOU..
I'M DUE AT
WORK.



IT IS AN ANGRY RANCHER WHO PROCEEDS
WITH HIS WORK... WHEN...

THAT SPENCER WANTS WHOLE
HOG. WHY CAN'T HE WORK HIS
OWN RANCH AND LEAVE THE
REST OF US ALONE? WELL I'LL
BE A HORNSWAZZELED...
SPEAKIN' O' TROUBLE!



WHAT'RE YOU DOIN'
ON THIS LAND, SPENCER
... COME OUT T' BUSH-
WACK ME?

YOU BEEN
MAKIN'
REMARKS
'BOUT ME. I
THOUGHT YOU
MIGHT LIKE T'
TAKE 'EM
BACK.



I TAKE NOTHIN'
BACK... NOW GIT
OFF THIS RANCH!



YOU TALKED
ABOUT GUNFIGHT-
ING... WHY NOT
TRY ME OUTFER
SIZE... OR ARE
YOU YELLER?

REACH
FER THET
GUN AN'
YOU'LL
FIND
OUT!



THE NEXT INSTANT!

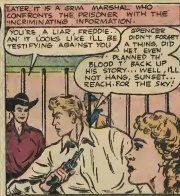


DROP THAT
GUN WEBSTER
OR WE SHOOT!

WE'RE TAKING
YOU IN FOR BUSH-
WACKING, EH,
SPENCER?







AT GUNPOINT SUNSET IS RELIEVED
OF HIS WEAPONS AND...

I'M TAKIN' YOUR HORSE
SUNSET... IF YOU WANT IT
BACK... IT'LL BE IN MEXICO



AN HOUR PASSES BEFORE
SUNSET'S CALLS FOR
ASSISTANCE BROUGHT HELP...

WAL, I'LL BE...
TH' MARSHAL...
WHAT HAPPENED?

NO TIME TO
EXPLAIN
NOW... I'VE
GOT TO GET
A HORSE
FROM THE
STABLE.



WE WENT THIS WAY...
I'D RECOGNIZE CACTUS'S
HOOF PRINTS ANYWHERE.



WHILE AT THE MOUNTAIN SPENCER'S
FOREMAN'S CASIN...

THIS IS YER LAST
CHANCE, SLIM... YOU
EITHER WRITE THAT
CONFESSION AFORE I
COUNT T' THREE... OR
I PULL THIS TRIGGER...
ONE... TWO...

DON'T... I'LL DO IT!
BUT SPENCER'LL
KILL ME ANYWAY
WHEN HE FINDS
OUT...



WRITE FASTER... AND SPENCER FIGURED
HE'D WIN EITHER WAY, IF HIS GUNMAN
KILLED FRED WEBSTER, HE'D WIN... AN'
IF WEBSTER KILLED THE GUNMAN HE'D
FRAME HIM. THE FIGHT WAS FAIR AN'
SQUARE, AND...



WHILE OUTSIDE...

SSSSH CACTUS...
QUIET BOY... QUIET



... AND SPENCER'S WHOLE IDEA WAS TO GET
RID OF WEBSTER SO HE COULD GET HIS
HOMESTEAD... NOW SIGN THAT.



THEN FRED
WAS TELLING
TH' TRUTH!!

OH! OH!
WHAT'S
THIS?

A MOMENT LATER...
DROP THAT GUN, WEBSTER...
YOU SHOULDN'T'VE TALKED
SO LOUD...YOUR VOICE CARRIES



YOU WIN, SPENCER, JUST
LET ME GET AWAY... I'LL
GO TO MEXICO...



NOT A CHANCE... AND YOU GET
THIS, SLIM, FER WRITING
THAT CONFESSION...



THANKS, SUNSET...
YOU SURE GOT
HERE IN THE
NICK OF TIME.



AND SO-ALL'S WELL, THAT ENDS WELL...



I'D RATHER FACE A
GANG OF HORSE THIEVES
THAN GO THROUGH THIS.

THE END

Sunset Carson Crushes A Conspiracy

Sheriff Thomas Carpenter was trying his best to appear cool and calm. He was a clean-shaven, thick-bodied man of middle height and somewhere in his late forties. He was the law in Hilton County. He looked at the empty coffee pot on the stove and remarked slowly, "Guess I better get a pound of coffee next time I visit Gus. Gettin' a bit forgetful now and then."

Arthur Heller, local agent of the stage coach line that ran from Crawford City was evidently nervous. He was very tall, perhaps six feet three or four and had broad shoulders and slender hips. His hair was blond and his eyes a dark blue. Twice he started to speak but caught the words before they passed his lips. Finally he had to say what was in his mind. "You don't think anything happened to the stagecoach, do you? With Old Man Perkins riding with his new shotgun, Dave Rooney carrying a pair of forty-five Colts, and those two men inside, you don't think anything happened, do you?"

The Sheriff stroked his face. "Look here, we got to keep our heads and do some cool thinkin'. The last time that stagecoach was ambushed, Edward Quintal blamed it on Chief Little Bear and his braves. Sunset Carson is due here any minute and we'll know if things went wrong."

The last word was no sooner spoken than the door to the office opened and in walked the most famous man of the West. He looked tired for he had driven his mount to the limit to get back with the news. "Not a pleasant sight," he began, "to see out there on the plains, that smoldering yellow stagecoach, six dead mules, and those arrow-bedecked human bodies. Every man was killed. I have some troopers from Fort Benton guarding it until we get back. So if you have a fresh mount for me, we can start right now."

Outside the Sheriff's office a crowd was gathering as news that Sunset Carson was inside spread. Edward Quintal, owner of the Last Drink Cafe pushed his way through the crowd. He had a narrow high forehead, a mild but crafty expression on his face, deep-set brown eyes, and a very black moustache.

The door opened and Sheriff Carpenter appeared. "What's the news?" demanded Edward Quintal. "Did Chief Little Bear and his men stop this stage coach and kill all the passengers? I say it's about high time we ran those Indians out of the valley. They got no right living so close to us decent folks. Get your guns and horses, men, and let's give those redskins a hot dose of lead."

Sunset Carson moved from inside the office to outside and was now at the Sheriff's side. He heard every word spoken by the man who was trying to incite his fellow citizens to mob action. "If you want to go into the valley and try some shooting," he suggested, "you'll have to make up your own mind. At present we don't know who raided the stagecoach. But Captain Turnball is guarding the valley with a company of soldiers and three Gatling guns. If you want to taste some hot lead, instead of giving it to others, go right ahead and mount your horses."

The crowd melted away and Quintal was furious. He let out his spleen and hate in front of Sunset Carson. "A fine law man, you are! Standing by and doing nothing while murdering redskins go around this county." The man of the West chose to ignore these insulting words for the moment. Instead, he followed the Sheriff and the stage coach agent to three horses. Five minutes later, the town had been left behind.

After hard riding the three men arrived at the scene of the tragedy. Lieutenant Blake and some of his soldiers were seated on some tree trunks at the side of the road. The young West Pointer arose as Sunset Carson came over to him. "We obeyed your orders, Sir! Nothing disturbed. What shall we do now?"

Sunset beckoned to Sheriff Carpenter, Arthur Heller and Lieutenant Blake to follow him a short distance. He pointed to some horse tracks on the ground. "Observe these imprints of the horses' hooves very carefully. At first glance you get the feeling they came from Indian horses because we know that the Indians in the valley tie buffalo hide around the hooves of

their horses. But if you bend down very carefully you'll notice a very faint imprint of a horseshoe in two cases. Seems to me that this was an attempt to get us to think the Indians did the job."

Then he moved over to the side, and picked up some empty shells. "These came from .50 Sharps rifles. And there isn't an Indian around here who owns one of those buffalo guns. I believe that the killers used rifles and six-shooters to finish off the people in the stage. Then they shot arrows into them to make it look like the work of redskins. I am definitely convinced there is some kind of a conspiracy to discredit the Indians in this valley. But why? What could be the motive behind it? You two go back to town and I'm going to ride into Indian territory and see what I can learn."

Chief Little Bear sat in his tepee. His head was shaved and painted red. From the tuft of hair remaining on the crown dangled several eagle feathers and the tails of two rattle snakes. His cheeks were daubed with vermillion. A collar of grizzly bears' claws surrounded his big neck. He took the pipe of peace from his mouth and handed it to Captain Turnball who took several puffs. Then the army officer handed the pipe to Sunset Carson. The famous man of the West also puffed on the pipe and then returned it to the Indian chief.

The head of the Indians in the valley spoke what was in his heart. "When I signed the treaty at Fort Benton I swore my braves would live at peace with their white brothers. We have not broken our word. Yet there is some evil spirit that wishes to harm us. Why?"

Sunset Carson handed the Indian two of the arrows that had been taken from the dead bodies in the stagecoach. The Indian examined them carefully and then gave his verdict. "No brave in my tribe made these arrows. The wood is too smooth and soft. I have seen arrows like this sold in St. Louis when I went there last year." The expression on Sunset Carson's face showed he had a clue. He turned to Captain Turnball. "I am going to get Arthur Heller to check over every shipment by stage or wagon train and see if any goods came from St. Louis recently. And to whom it was assigned. Arthur will be able to get hold of the duplicate bills of lading. Meanwhile I have a question to ask of Chief Little Bear." Then turning to the Indian, Sunset continued, "Have you had Edward Quintal here for any reason? Has he tried to deal with you? Have you made him angry?"

The Chief's face did not change as he replied. "This man Quintal try to buy land from me. I tell him we can not sell it. He offer much gold and when I refuse he go away mad." Sunset Carson arose and left the tepee followed by the army officer. Both men mounted their horses. "Seems to me that Quintal would have a motive in wanting to drive the Indians from the land. But why does he want the land? It isn't good for grazing. And the buffalo herds will soon vanish from the territory. Men kill for greed and Quintal is no exception. He's got that string of paid gun sloggers who will follow him as long as he pays cash and keeps them away from the law. I'll let you know when we close in."

The Last Drink Cafe, was crowded on that Thursday afternoon. A strange group of men were in there buying drinks. One learns to keep his mouth shut in the West, but the bartender asked, "Where you fellows headed?" And he got the answer, "For trouble, mister, where we can find it."

Sheriff Carpenter entered followed by Arthur Heller and Sunset Carson. The officer of the law went right up to Quintal. "I got a sworn statement from the Acme Novelty Co. in St. Louis that you bought arrows, bows and Indian costumes from them. And I got a duplicate bill of lading to prove you brought the goods right here. Also the arrows we found at the stagecoach were made by this company. Sunset Carson found the towels your boys used to clean their faces after they returned from the killing. Got make-up on it to get them to look like redskins. I arrest you for murder and don't you or anyone else try to resist."

Quintal went for his gun and Sunset beat him to the draw, shooting the weapon right out of his hand. The strangers in the cafe all unholstered their guns for fighting. Captain Turnball made the announcement. "These men are my soldiers in disguise. If there's any fighting, you fight the U. S. Army. So surrender now."

Chief Little Bear was pleased when Sunset Carson told him the news. "There is coal on your land. That is why Quintal tried to buy it and then when you refused he tried this trick of his. One of his men told us everything in a deal to save his neck. The others will all die by the rope." And then the Indian gave vent to his thoughts. "Those who try to live by death will always find it for themselves. You are a true friend of the red man and the white man, Sunset Carson."

Sunset Carson

AND THE ELECTION AT LITTLE CREEK

SUNSET CARSON MAKES EVERY EFFORT TO STAY OUT OF LOCAL POLITICS. HIS JOB AS ROVING MARSHAL IS TO AID LOCAL SHERIFFS IN THE KEEPING OF LAW AND ORDER... NOT TO INTERFERE WITH THEIR ELECTIONS. HOWEVER WHEN TOM BENSON, SHERIFF OF LITTLE CREEK IS ABOUT TO BE DEFEATED FOR REELECTION BY THE CRIMINAL ELEMENT, SUNSET REALIZES HE MUST **ACT OR ELSE**.....

IF HE FINDS OUT WHO WE ARE WE'LL HANG FOR SURE!

WE WON'T FIND OUT IF I KIN HELP IT!



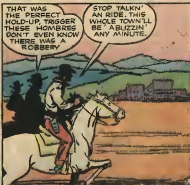
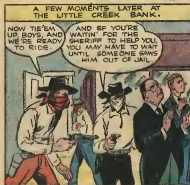
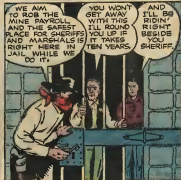
AS OUR STORY OPENS, SUNSET CARSON IS ENGAGED IN A ROUTINE MARSHAL'S DUTY.

LOOKS LIKE OUR POSTER HAS COMPETITION, CACTUS.



SHERIFF BENSON WROTE IT'S IMPORTANT FOR ME TO SEE HIM AT NOON TODAY. LOOKS LIKE I'LL JUST ABOUT BE ON TIME.





THE HEADLINES OF THE DAILY GAZETTE BLAZED THE STORY OF THE ROBBERY...

DAILY GAZETTE

PAYROLL ROBBED!

SHERIFF AND MARSHAL JAILED BY BANDITS

LATER...

I RECKON THAT CLINCHES IT, SUNSET. KYLE WILSON WILL BE ELECTED FOR PLUMS CERTAIN. I DON'T STAND A CHANCE NOW.

THINGS SURE DON'T LOOK TOO GOOD, SHERIFF. WHO IS THIS KYLE WILSON? WHAT ABOUT HIM?

HE'S DAN FELTON'S MAN SUNSET. IF HE'S ELECTED, THIS TOWN WILL BE WIDE OPEN. FELTON WILL RUN IT HIS OWN WAY. WILSON WILL JUST BE HIS STOGE.

MESSE I'D BETTER HAVE A TALK WITH THIS FELTON. DO YOU S'POSE HE HAD ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH TH' ROBBERY?

IF HE HAD ANYTHIN' TO DO WITH IT, YOU'LL NEVER FIND OUT, HE'S AS TRICKY A CRITTER AS EVER RAN A FARO GAME.

WAL, IT WON'T DO NO HARM TO PAY HIM A VISIT.

WAL, IF IT HAIN'T THE MARSHAL, I THOUGHT IT WAS CROOKS WHO WERE S'POSED TO BE IN JAIL.

HOW LONG DID THE BANQUIT SENTENCE YOU FOR, SUNSET?

TAKE IT EASY, BOYS. THE MARSHAL AIN'T IN A JOKIN' MOOD.

I GUESS YOU STANO TO WIN THE MOST BY ALL THIS FELTON. YOUR MAN'S BOUND TO BE ELECTED. BY NOW I RECKON.

ARE YOU SUGGESTIN' I HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THAT ROBBERY, MARSHAL?

I DON'T HANKER T' KILL A MARSHAL, BUT EF YOU DON'T TAKE THAT BACK I MIGHT HAVE TO DO IT.

YOU'RE BLUFFIN' FELTON. YOU DON'T HAVE THE COURAGE TO GO FOR YOUR GUN. IF YOU DO YOU'LL BE SORRY

ENRAGED, FELTON GOES FOR HIS GUN, BUT HE IS NO MATCH FOR SUNSET'S WHIRLWIND DRAW...

"TIL YOU GET FASTER THAN THAT, YOU'D BETTER NOT TALK GUNFIGHTIN' TO ANYONE, FELTON."

"Y-YOU WIN... DON'T SHOOT!"



"YOU AN' THAT OLD GOAT TH' SHERIFF WOULD DO BETTER TO ROUND UP THOSE PAYROLL ROBBERS, THAN TO ACCUSE HONEST CITIZENS FALSELY."

"HE'LL HAVE IT IN FOR YOU NOW, SUNSET."

"HONEST CITIZENS! HE'S AS CROOKED AS A RATTLE SNAKE WITH A BELLYACHE."



"WELL, SHERIFF, THERE'S ANOTHER MISTAKE I MADE. IF HE HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE ROBBERY HE'LL NEVER SHOW HIS HAND NOW."

"DO YOU SUPPOSE THAT HOMBRE PULLED THE JOB? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THIS AREA ISN'T HE?"

"WHY SHOULD HE? HE JUST ROBBED THE GILA CITY BANK OF OVER \$10,000. I HAVE A LIST OF THE SERIAL NUMBERS OF THE BILLS."

"IF SUNSET ONLY KNEW WHAT WAS HAPPENING A FEW MILES AWAY..."

"HERE COMES TH' BOSS NOW. WHEN WE DIVIDE THE LOOT, I'M HEADIN FER TH' BORDER."

"THERE'S NO ONE FOLLOWIN' HIM SO I GUESS WE ALL GOT AWAY CLEAN!"



"THEY'D SHORE BE SURPRISED IF THEY KNEW TH' CANDIDATE FER SHERIFF HAD ROBBED TH' PAYROLL WITH ME, EH, FELTON?"

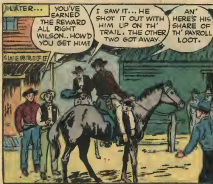
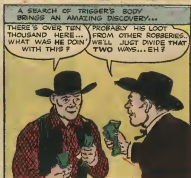
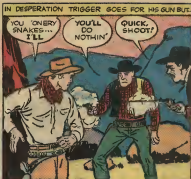
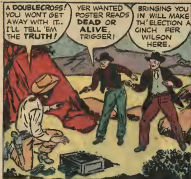
"WE MADE FOOLS OUT OF THE SHERIFF AN' MARSHAL. WE'VE GOT ONE MORE THING TO DO AN' WILSON HERE IS A CINCH FER ELECTION."



"AN' WHAT'S THAT, FELTON?"

"TO TURN YOU IN FOR THE ROBBERY, TRIGGER. REACH FOR TH' SKY!"





LATER, AS SUNSET EXAMINES THE BODY

YOU MEAN IT DIDN'T HAPPEN AS HE SAID.

NO! THERE ARE TWO BULLETS IN THIS MAN'S BODY.. ONE FROM THE FRONT AN' ONE FROM THE SIDE... AND BOTH WERE FIRED FROM DIFFERENT CALIBER GUNS. HE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.



WHY WOULD WILSON AND FELTON LIE? I'VE GOT AN IDEA THEY KNOW MORE ABOUT THAT ROBBERY THAN THEY LET ON.



BUT TWO DAYS PASSED BEFORE SUNSET'S SUSPICIONS WERE CONFIRMED...

AN THESE BILLS HAVE THE SERIAL NUMBERS YOU ASKED US TO WATCH OUT FOR SUNSET... I ONLY WISH THEY WERE FROM TH' PAYROLL ROBBERY RATHER THAN THAT OTHER ONE.

AND YOU'RE SURE FELTON DEPOSITED THEM?



POSITIVELY, HE WAS HERE ONLY AN HOUR AGO.

COME ON SHERIFF, WE'RE RIDING.



YOU MEAN YOU'RE NOT GOING OUT TO FELTON'S RANCH..

NOT YET... FIRST WE'LL DROP IN ON WILSON... MAYBE HE HAS SOME OF THE MONEY TOO.



WILSON'S CABIN IS DESERTED AS THE LAWMEN ARRIVE. IMMEDIATELY THEY BEGIN A SEARCH OF THE HOUSE

IF MY HUNCH IS RIGHT WE'LL FIND THE MONEY HERE, SOME PLACE

WAIT! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THIS DRAW...

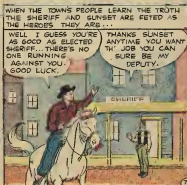
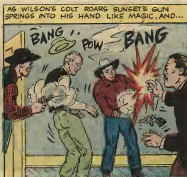
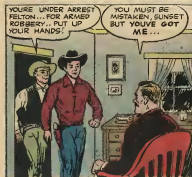


LOOK! IT'S PART OF THE PAYROLL FOR THE MINE.. IT'S STILL IN TH' BANK WRAPPERS AN' MARKED FOR TH' MINE.

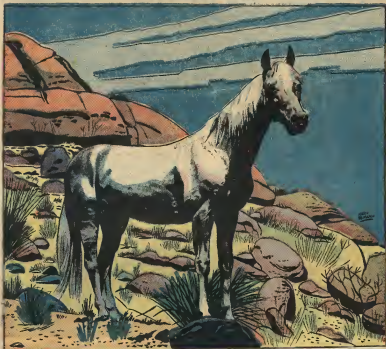
AN' THIS MONEY IS PART OF THE CASH TRIGGER HOWELL ROBBED... I RECOGNIZE THE NUMBERS

I'VE GOTTA GIT 'T FAST!





THE NORTH AMERICAN HORSE



WHEN ONE THINKS OF HORSES, IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE TRUE STORY OF HOW THE HORSE HAS PLAYED A TREMENDOUS ROLE IN THE STARTING AND BUILDING THIS GREAT LAND OF AMERICA CAN BE TOLD?

WHEN THE SPANIARDS BROUGHT THE FIRST HORSE TO AMERICA, LITTLE DID THEY REALIZE THAT THE HORSE WOULD IN TIME BECOME AN AMERICAN HERITAGE.



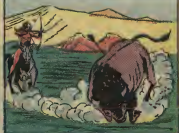
DURING BATTLES WITH THE INDIANS MANY OF THE SPANISH ABANDONED THEIR HORSES, AND SO AS YEARS PASSED THE HORSES MULTIPLIED AND SOON THEY WERE BOUNTIFUL.



LOOK BROTHERS! THE SACRED FOUR LEGGED GOD HAS ESCAPED ITS CAPTIVES AND HAS RUN OFF TO THE PLAINS!



THE HORSE, THAT THE INDIANS OF AMERICA LOOKED TO AS A SACRED ANIMAL, AND USED IN ALL THEIR DAILY CHORES,



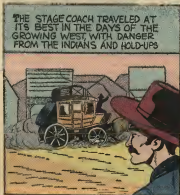
THE SAME HORSE THEY USED IN THE BATTLE OF LITTLE BIG HORN WHEN GENERAL CUSTER MADE HIS GALLANT STAND. YES, A TALE OF WONDERS CAN BE TOLD ABOUT THIS FLEET ANIMAL.



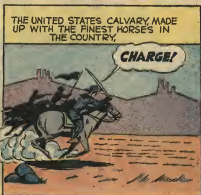
THE PONY EXPRESS THE ONLY
MEANS OF COMMUNICATION
INTER STATE ----- BY HORSE.
THESE ANIMALS HAD TO BE FAST
AND LONG WINDED.



THE STAGE COACH TRAVELED AT
ITS BEST IN THE DAYS OF THE
GROWING WEST, WITH DANGER
FROM THE INDIANS AND HOLD-UPS



THE UNITED STATES CALVARY MADE
UP WITH THE FINEST HORSES IN
THE COUNTRY,



ALONG WITH THE FINEST FIGHTING
MEN IN THE COUNTRY.



THE QUARTER HORSE, USED BY THE COWBOYS FOR ROUNDUPS, RODEOS ETC. IT'S CALLED QUARTER HORSE BECAUSE IT IS FASTER THAN A THOROUGHBRED FOR A QUARTER MILE RUN.

THIS SPEED ENABLES THE HORSE TO BE THE PRIDE OF THE WEST.



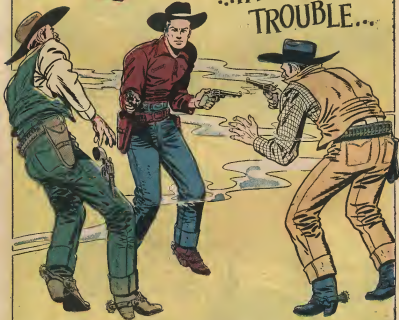
TRULY, THE HORSE HAS PROVEN ITSELF IN AMERICA, IN BATTLE, WORK AND PLAY. IT HAS BECOME AS FAMOUS AS OUR NATIONAL EMBLEM, THE BALD EAGLE. AT PRESENT THE HORSE IS MORE OR LESS A FARM HAND IN THE EAST, BUT OUT WEST IT WILL ALWAYS CONTINUE TO BE THE LEADER OF ALL ANIMALS. IT WILL ALWAYS PROVE TO BE THE MOST POPULAR OF ALL ANIMALS WITH THE CHILDREN OF ALL LANDS.



SIX-GUN FURY RAGES, AS ONE OF THE MOST
FABULOUS FIGURES OF THE WEST SHOTS
HIS WAY INTO PANHANDLE COUNTRY!!!

"Sunset" CARSON

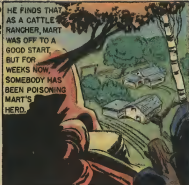
IN "...PANHANDLE
TROUBLE..."



WHILE RIDING INTO THE TEXAS PANHANDLE COUNTRY ONE DAY, SUNSET GARSON DECIDES TO LOOK UP HIS LIFE-LONG FRIEND, MART COLLINS, RECENTLY MARRIED AND SETTLED DOWN TO RANCH LIFE...



HE FINDS THAT AS A CATTLE RANCHER, MART WAS OFF TO A GOOD START, BUT FOR WEEKS NOW, SOMEBODY HAS BEEN POISONING MART'S HERD.

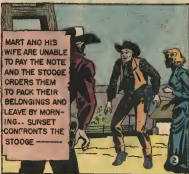


...MART COLLINS AND HIS LOVELY WIFE, TARRY, HAVE ABANDONED ALL HOPE OF CARRYING ON RANCH LIFE... WITH THE CATTLE DEAD, THERE IS NO WAY TO PAY OFF THEIR RANCH INVESTMENT.

AN HOUR LATER, BRANNER GRANT'S SIDE-KICK RIDES OUT TO THE RANCH WITH ORDERS TO COLLECT PAYMENT ON HIS NOTE OR TO TAKE POSSESSION OF THE PLACE — BY GUNPOINT, IF NECESSARY!



—THEY TELL SUNSET THAT BRANNER GRANT, PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL BANK, HOLDS THE NOTE ON THEIR RANCH, AND ON SEVERAL OCCASIONS HAS TRIED TO BUY THE PLACE BACK, BUT THEY REFUSED THE OFFERS...



MART AND HIS WIFE ARE UNABLE TO PAY THE NOTE AND THE STOOGES ORDERS THEM TO PACK THEIR BELONGINGS AND LEAVE BY MORNING... SUNSET CONFRONTS THE STOOGES

SUNSET REMINDS THE GUNMAN OF MART'S
LEGAL RIGHTS.. HE TELLS HIM THAT YOU DON'T
TAKE POSSESSION OF A RANCH BY GUNPOINT
AND SOMEHOW, HE WILL SEE THAT
MART'S NOTE WITH BANKER
GRANT, IS PAID IN FULL.



THE GUNMAN TELLS SUNSET TO KEEP HIS NOSE
OUT OF THE MATTER, THAT HE IS GOING TO
MAKE THEM GET OFF OF THE RANCH NOW..
SUNSET WHIPS A RIGHT ACROSS HIS JAW...



THE GUNMAN CLIMBS
TO HIS FEET HALF DAZED.
— IN ANGER, HE PULLS
HIS GUN ON SUNSET,
BUT SUNSET OUT-DRAWS
HIM SENDING A .45
BULLET THROUGH HIS
TRIGGER HAND....



THE FOLLOWING DAY, THE GUNMAN AND HIS
BOSS, BRANNER GRANT, CONVERSE ON THE
HILL ABOVE THE RANCH.. GRANT DECIDES HE
WILL DO THE JOB PERSONALLY THIS TIME...



GRANT SNEAKS DOWN TO THE BARN HAYLOFT
WHERE HE PUTS SUNSET AND MART IN HIS
GUN SIGHT.. THE SHINY REFLECTION OF HIS
GUN CATCHES SUNSET'S EYE!



AFTER DUCKING FOR COVER, SUNSET AND MART CORNER GRANT IN THE BARN.. GRANT ALSO LEARNS OF SUNSET'S POWERFUL RIGHT TO THE JAW WHEN TRYING TO ESCAPE..



MART CAUTIONS GRANT THAT HE COULD PRESS CHARGES FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER. HE TELLS HIM TO GET OFF OF HIS RANCH, AND THAT HE WILL SETTLE THE MATTER OF THE NOTE IN GRANT'S OFFICE..



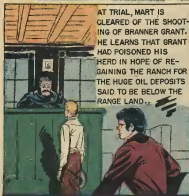
GRANT MAKES THE MOTIONS OF LEAVING QUIETLY, BUT SWINGS ON THE PAIR WITH HIS GUN IN HAND.. A SHOT RINGS OUT AND GRANT SLUMPS TO THE GROUND.



MART STANDS WITH HIS GUN STILL SMOKING.. BRANNER GRANT HAS BADGERED HIS LAST RANCH BUYER!



AT TRIAL, MART IS CLEARED OF THE SHOOTING OF BRANNER GRANT. HE LEARNS THAT GRANT HAD POISONED HIS HERD IN HOPE OF REGAINING THE RANCH FOR THE HUGE OIL DEPOSITS SAID TO BE BELOW THE RANGE LAND..



BIG EASTERN OIL MEN WAVING MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACTS FOR MART'S SIGNATURE TELLS SUNSET IT'S TIME TO MOVE ON.



HAPPY HOMER



CLAYTON KRAMER



WESTERN WONDERS

**SCALPS THAT
SOLD FOR TWO
HUNDRED DOLLARS
EACH!**

THE INDIANS THAT
ROAMED THE OLD WEST
MIGHT HAVE NEVER

PRACTICED SCALPING, IF THE WHITE MAN
HAD NOT STARTED IT!... DURING THE
FRENCH AND INDIAN WAR, THE FRENCH
OFFERED A BOUNTY FOR BRITISH SCALPS...
--- AND IN 1755, 40 LBS OF STERLING (ABOUT
TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS) WAS OFFERED BY
MASSACHUSETTS FOR THE SCALPS OF
INDIAN MALES OVER TWELVE YEARS OF AGE



**WAS THE COWBOY
FIRST TO USE THE LASSO?**
NO!

THE LARIAT, THE COWBOY'S TRADE MARK, ---
BUT HE WAS NOT THE FIRST TO MASTER IT!...
--- THE SPANIARDS WERE ONE OF THE FIRST TO
USE IT... THE LARIAT OR (LASSO) WAS BROUGHT TO
AMERICA BY THE SPANISH, THEY TAUGHT THE
PLAINSMEN HOW TO SWING IT... THE SPANIARDS
HAD LEARNED FROM THE
MOSLEMS OF ASIA!

YIPPA-KI-YAA!



ODDITIES DEPT



OG LARD WAS THE
FIRST GREASE USED
ON COVERED WAGON
WHEELS; IN 1852
CRUDE OIL MIXED
WITH FLOUR WAS
ALSO USED!...